

Mistress in Satin



A NEW TYPE OF PHOTO- FICTION

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BURMEL PUBLISHING CO

New York, N.Y.

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Published by the BURMEL PUBLISHING Co.,
1576 Broadway, New York 36, N.Y.

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by

Linda Ross

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MISTRESS IN SATIN

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If anyone had walked into Wanda's apartment right at this moment, his eyes would be treated to a sight "designed for pleasure". . . . Wanda made it a practice to always dress as if her lover was due to arrive. . . . In that way she could never be caught with "her pants down" - so to speak. As was her habit, she sipped her morning coffee dressed in a black satin corset that pulled her waist in to a mere nineteen inches. It usually took a lot of tugging and pulling to achieve this, but it was worth the effort. Above her trim waist protruded her magnificent bust.



Here was her major charm. The "piece de resistance" - as the French would put it. It taped in at no less than forty inches and was as firm as anyone could wish for.

Below, her hips spread out to 37 inches. Naturally, with a figure like this, Wanda was not in the least bit ashamed to show it. She wore the most clinging and revealing dresses that she could find and would never think of going out without some form of corsetting to pull in her waist and exhibit her other points of interest. The satin corset that she wore today was only one of her vast collection that numbered in the thirties. Satin, leather - all types and fabrics.

In addition, Wanda wore a pair of her ultra sheer, dark nylons. These too, she decided, were what



the men liked to see her wear and she dressed to please - not only her particular man, but any other stray male that might happen to glance her way.

On her feet she wore a pair of black patent leather - open back pumps with white skyscraper heels that measured $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height. Feet, she knew were what most men looked at first and she would never be caught in anything less than five inch heels - usually, it was six inches.

She red and re-read the letter, but no matter what she thought, it still came out the same - her "country cousin" was coming to spend a few weeks with her and what was even more shocking - she would be arriving almost any moment now. Wanda tried to recall just what her cousin Nan looked like,



but it had been so long that it was hopeless. All she could recall was that she looked - and acted just like a "country cousin" was supposed to look and act like. Oh, weell, she decided - it shouldn't be too bad - she hoped.

The doorbell snapped her out of her reverie. Wanda walked to the door and opened it to admit cousin Nan.

As she crossed the threshold, Wanda just stared. This looked hopeless. Never, in her wildest dreams had she imagined that any modern-day girl could look quite this bad. She started to speak, but couldn't quite make it. Finally the words came out.

"Hi, Nan. Welcome to my humble shack. Just drop your bag and come on in."



Nan did as she was told and followed Wanda into the comfortable living-room. She dropped down onto the couch and just stared at her glamorous cousin. Wanda just stood, hands on her hips and looked down at Nan. Finally, she managed to get out a few more words - hesitatingly. . . .

"Nan, as long as you plan on staying in the city for a while, we might as well see what we can do about "city-fying" you. First, those clothes will have to go."

"But. . . ."

"But, nothing. I'll fix you up with some things I have here and we'll get the rest as we go along. Now come on into the bedroom and we'll get started."

Nan looked once more at Wanda, and decided to



do as she was told. After all, her city cousin did look like a real glamour girl. Oh, not that she could ever hope to look as good, but she might just as well give it a try. She rose to her feet and Wanda led her by the hand into the next room.

"Now let's see. . . . where to begin. Suppose we start in by changing your hair style."

"All r . . r. .right, but I've always worn it this way," Nan replied.

Wanda didn't say another word, but proceeded to untie the ribbons in Nan's hair and let it tumble down over her shoulders. She gasped.

"Why, your hair is beautiful," she gasped. "Why do you hide it? "

Nan didn't answer so Wanda continued with the



"transformation". She picked up her comb that lay on the dresser and began to stroke her cousin's long, dark tresses. She couldn't help but admire what she saw.

"Darn," she said, "if I had hair like yours, I certainly wouldn't keep it up in pigtails. Don't you want to look like a woman . . . a real woman, or didn't you ever bother to learn what it is that men like in a woman? In any case, I'm determined to send you back to Ohio - at least looking like a glamour girl. After that, you can do whatever you like with yourself. Now, off with that horrible blouse you're wearing. That would look better on a horse."

Nan blushed, but did as Wanda suggested. Off came the blouse.



Beneath, the cheap cotton blouse that Nan had been wearing was pure creamy skin. No slip, no bra - nothing but Nan. Once more Wanda couldn't believe her eyes. Nan's figure was enough to make any man take a second look. Her young firm bust needed no support. Her breasts protruded from her slim body and ended in firm pink tips that crinkled up as Wanda looked.

"Come on," Wanda gestured, "don't be bashful in front of me. I won't bite you. Let's see the rest of you. If it measures up to what I've seen so far, we'll really have something."

Hesitatingly, Nan rose to her feet and accepted the black lace bra that Wanda offered her. She slipped it over her throbbing breasts.



"Now," spoke Wanda, "isn't that an improvement already?"

"I I I guess so," Nan admitted.

Wanda then reached into her bureau drawer and brought out a pair of tiny black lace panties that matched the brassiere. Nan accepted them and held them against her body.

"Aren't they a little small," she asked.

"Just put them on," insisted Wanda. And Nan did just that. Another step in the creation of a "femme fatale" had been taken. Before she was done with Nan, Wanda decided that she would have a girl that would make any and all men sit up and take notice. After all, why shouldn't one of Manhattan's most celebrated glamour girls have a cousin that was just as stunning



as she was. . . . Maybe, even more so. Now, she decided, there was just one thing missing - as far as the under-garments were concerned. . . . a corset. And without another word she pulled one from the closet. It was a real wasp-waist affair with back-lacing. It was made of black satin and four garters hung down like snakes from the garment.

"What on earth is that," asked Nan.

"That, my dear, is the item that will 'make you' that is, it will make the boys eyes pop out. Put it on and I'll show you what I mean."

"How does it go on?" asked Nan.

Wanda showed her how it was done and in a few minutes it covered her waist like a satin sheath.

"Now, I'll have to help you," said Wanda as she



grasped the ends of the white laces. "Better grab onto something solid while I see what I can do to slice a few inches off of your waist."

"But. . . but. . . won't it h . . h . . hurt?"

"Sure, but it'll be worth it. Just you wait and see!"

With these words, Wanda started to tug on the laces. Slowly but surely the waist line lessened and lessened 'til it looked like practically nothing. Still Wanda tugged and tugged. Nan started to pale and managed to utter a few words between gasps. . . .

"Please . . . please, Wanda - no more. You're killing me. I can't stand it any more. Please stop!"

"Stop," smiled Wanda. "I'm only beginning. I'll take another two inches off if I have to spend all



day doing it!"

With these words, Wanda raised her knee to the small of Nan's back and went back to tugging. S-l-o-w-l-y . . . Nan's waist became smaller.

After a short time Wanda stepped back and surveyed her handiwork.

"There we are," she spoke. "Now you're beginning to look like something. . . ."

"But, will I live through it?" whispered Nan.

"Oh, you'll live through it allright. . . . AND, what's more, you'll get to actually like it."

"Never!"

"Oh don't kid yourself, I talked like you once. Now - I wouldn't be caught dead without a corset on. You'll get to the point where the tightness and firm-



ness will actually thrill you. . . . and that's not half of what it will do to the men-folk. Just wait and see."

"I hope you're right, cousin, but I'm not sure that it's worth it."

Wanda laughed. "Just look at yourself in the mirror and tell me that."

Nan walked to the dresser and stared at her image in the mirror. She gasped.

"There didn't I tell you," laughed Wanda.

The vision was truly something to admire. From the tips of her tiny pink toes right up past her shapely hips - her tiny corsetted waist and her firm protruding bosom. . . . She was all WOMAN!

"What comes next?" asked Nan. Now even she was beginning to become excited. It wasn't hard to see





the change in her. No telling what the boys back in Ohio would say when they saw her now. . . . That is, if she ever got back to Ohio

Wanda picked out a pair of sheer black nylon stockings which she handed to her cousin,

"Here, put these on."

Nan, without hesitation, began to slide the smooth nylon up over her curved legs. Up they went past her plump calves; over her dimpled knees; high up on her firm thighs where they fastened to the garters that hung freely from the satin corset.

"Get them good and tight," said Wanda. "You can't afford to have wrinkles, you know."

Nan nodded in agreement. Once the stockings were firmly in place, Nan stood up and walked over



to the mirror again. She stared at her image for fully ten minutes as Wanda smiled.

"All right," interrupted Wanda. "That's enough self-admiration. Now let's get some shoes on you. Let's see now. Six inch heels will certainly throw you and even five inch ones might be too much for you to handle at this stage. Guess we'll have to try some four inch ones."

"Four inch heels," screamed Nan. "You're trying to kill me. I'll never be able to walk in them."

"Oh, you'll walk in them all right," said Wanda. "Matter of fact - I'd be willing to bet that you'll be sporting five and six inchers before too long."

Nan fell down onto the bed and raised her legs



so that Wanda could slip the shoes onto her feet. The pair that Wanda had selected were black patent leather sandals. They were of the 'Springolator' type and had heels four inches high and thin as a pencil. Nan lay back on the bed and admired her shapely legs and trim feet. Truly, she was now transformed into a vision of sensuous allure. There was even more to come, however, as she would soon find out.

"Come on back into the other room," interrupted Wanda. "I'll see if I can't find a suitable dress for you now. I think satin would be about right."

Nan sprung to her feet and accompanied Wanda into the living room. Wanda rummaged through the closet and came out with a wicked looking black



satin sheath which she tossed down onto the couch.

"First," she said, "I think you need a touch of jewelry. I'll see if I can't find something."

She left the room for a few minutes and returned with a pair of long rhinestone pendants which she attached to Nan's ears.

"There," she said, "that'll do it."

With these words, Wanda sat down on the couch and looked up at her cousin. A slow cynical smile crossed her face as she stared. Never, in her wildest imagination, had she imagined that her little cousin would turn out this good. She would even offer some healthy competition in the "battle of the sexes". . . . Not that Wanda couldn't handle her, but why ask for trouble.



"Before you slip into the dress, Nan, let's see if you can walk in those heels."

Nan did as she was told, but the results were not exactly what one would call sexy. She teetered and tottered on the high spikes. The highest that she had ever worn before had been two inches and this height was straining her every muscles. Wanda arose and walked over to where her cousin stood.

"Here, now. . . First of all, don't try to take such long steps. Walk slowly and with very very short steps. No more than six inches at a time."

Nan did just this and was surprised to find that the high heels weren't so unmanageable after all. She walked back and forth across the room before her teacher was satisfied with her.



"There you are," interrupted Wanda, "didn't I tell you that you'd get used to them. In a few more days"

"Oh, they feel wonderful," broke in Nan. "I feel just like a queen or something. What comes next. I want to try everything on."

Wanda laughed and reached for the black satin dress that she had tossed on the couch. She held it up for her cousin's approval and then handed it to her to put on. Nan accepted the garment and without hesitation proceeded to slip it up over her hips. It fit her like a second skin and the mere feel of the sleek satin next to her body sent a strange thrill through her body. She brought the dress up over her breasts and fastened it at the neckline. Wanda took



a few steps back to look over her cousin. Now that her slim body was covered by the black satin, it seemed to have taken on a completely different appearance. Gone was every trace of the shy country girl and in her place stood a completely transformed young woman. Where previously she had appeared to be sweet and innocent, now she took on a completely new and striking view. She was truly a "femme fatale" in every sense of the word. Wanda smiled, knowingly. She fully realized just what an appearance by her cousin among her friends would result in. She could hardly wait to introduce her.

"Well, Nan," she said, "I think we are now almost ready to present you. Before we go, how-



ever, there are a few more pointers I want to let you in on. Stand up now and I'll point out a group of points that I want you to always keep in mind. First, always wear sheer, dark stockings and be sure that they are pulled up just as tight as you can possibly get them. There's nothing a man likes better than a pair of slim legs sheathed in silk or nylon.

Secondly, always be sure that you wear some sort of corset or waist pincher. A tiny waist is also one of the points that a man looks for in a woman. If you follow my suggestions, you'll find that in a few months, you'll find that at least five or six inches can be taken off of your normal waist measurement. The gals back in the gay 90s knew what they were doing. Don't let anybody tell you differently."



Nan stood intently and took in each and every word that her cousin uttered. She realized that Wanda knew what she was talking about and she was anxious to benefit from her older cousin's experience. She slowly raised her skirt up above her stocking tops in order to compare her stockinged legs with those of Wanda's. She smiled to herself as she realized that there actually was little if any to choose between the two pairs of limbs. They both appeared to be the ultimate in sensuous appeal.

Wanda continued. . . . "And dont forget about make-up. Be sure that you use it generously and vivid. . . . the more striking, the better. Don't you believe it when they tell you that men prefer the "natural look". They want their women to look like



warm blooded women not like clothing store dummies.

Nan nodded in understanding. She was wise enough to realize that Wanda knew every angle to male appeal and that she could help Nan to bridge the gap between what she had been and what she wanted to be.

Wanda went on "Now, as for shoes. As I told you before. . . . always wear them with as high a heel as you can possibly stand. As you can see, I'm wearing five-inch ones now, but for any special occasions, I always put on my six inch spikes. Every once in a while - with someone who understands - I might even sport a pair of my knee-high boots. There's nothing to make them sit up and take notice like a pair of patent leather or polished calfskin boots - also with skyscraper heels."



"Boots," interrupted Nan?

"Yes, boots. But that comes later. You just be a good girl and prhaps I'll let you in on some of the finer points of dressing-up. For now, however, we'll go along the way we are. Can't confuse you with too much right now."

Nan nodded slowly at her cousin.

"I understand," she said. "What do we do know?"

"Well, my lovely young cousin," replied Wanda.

"Now we are ready to go out and meet the world." She handed Nan a beautiful white fox stole and slipped a glamorous mink over her own shoulders.

"I'm ready."

And so they went out - arm in arm and what transpired from then on can only be imagined.

THE END . . .



ALBUM SECTION:

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